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**COED CHAOS:
HOW RADICAL FEMINISTS
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**SEX IN ULTRASOUND:
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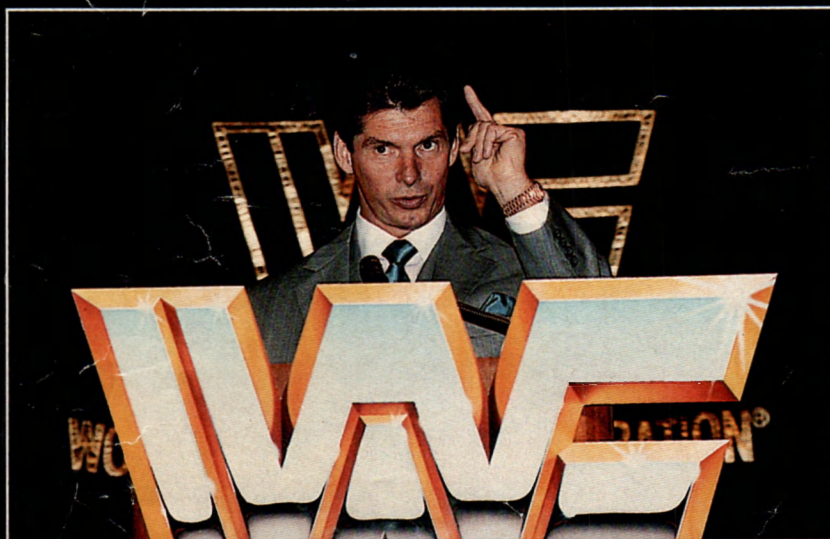
**SEN. STROM
THURMOND'S
BLACK DAUGHTER?**

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Bad Sports

I L L U S T R A T E D



Out of Bounds

Penthouse takes a jab at boxing, a swing at baseball, and a hold on wrestling, as America's favorite sports degenerate into crime and scandal.



No-Holds-Barred

The World Wrestling Federation is under siege as accounts of violence, drugs, and sex crimes threaten to destroy the "sport's" integrity. | by JEFF SAVAGE

The night clerk called for help. When police broke through the motel-room door at the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge outside of Syracuse, New York, they found 250-pound pro wrestler Jimmy Snuka in his underwear, standing over a screaming woman. "Let her put her clothes on," Snuka demanded, and then he came at them. It took nine cops and two police dogs to subdue the wrestler.

Four months later, Snuka was at a different motel with the same woman. Paramedics arrived at the George Washington Motor Lodge in Whitehall, Pennsylvania, and rushed semiconscious 23-year-old Nancy Argentino to the Lehigh Valley Hospital Center, where she died two hours later from a fractured skull.

Snuka had an explanation. He said they had been drinking beer in the car on their way to Whitehall that day, and they stopped alongside the road to urinate behind some bushes. On their way back to the car, Snuka said, the woman slipped and hit her head on a guardrail. "Where was this?" an investigator asked.

"I don't know," Snuka said. "She was driving."

This was 1983. The case is still open.

Summer draws near, but in southern Connecticut, a chill wind blows. Titan Tower, the steely headquarters of the World Wrestling Federation once every bit as imposing as its name, now shivers along East Main Street in Stamford like an ice cube about to melt into the earth.

The W.W.F. is under siege. Former wrestlers and other employees—dozens of them afraid to speak until now—are stepping up with ghastly accounts of violence, drug free-for-alls, sexual harassment, pedophilia, and rape:

"I'm taking a shower after one of my first days on the job," says wrestler Billy Jack Haynes, "and this W.W.F. executive sneaks up behind me and jams his finger

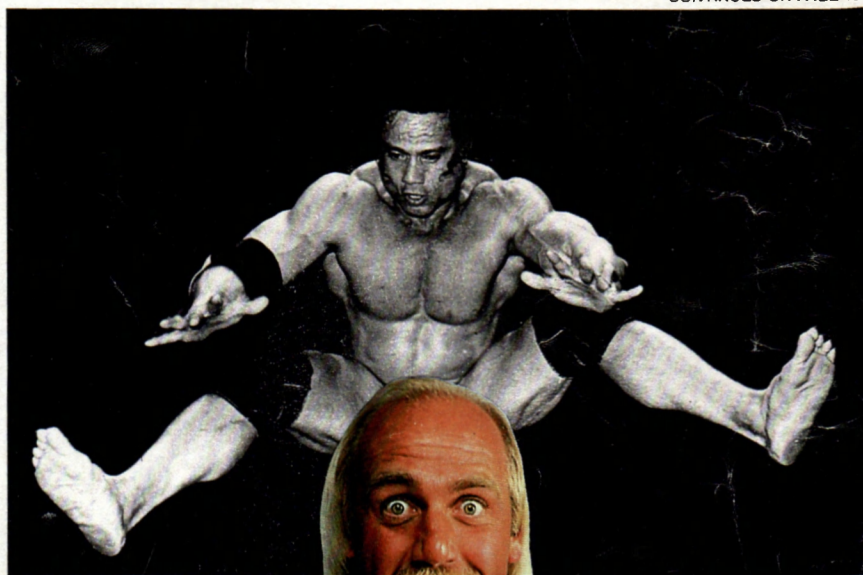
up my ass—I mean, literally up my ass hole. Homosexuality in the dressing room is blatant. If you drop the soap, you have to look left, right, and behind you before you bend down to pick it up."

"We're flying to Minnesota," says wrestler Superstar Billy Graham, "and Hulk Hogan, who is sitting across from me, pours out a pile of cocaine onto a mirror. He offers me some but I decline.

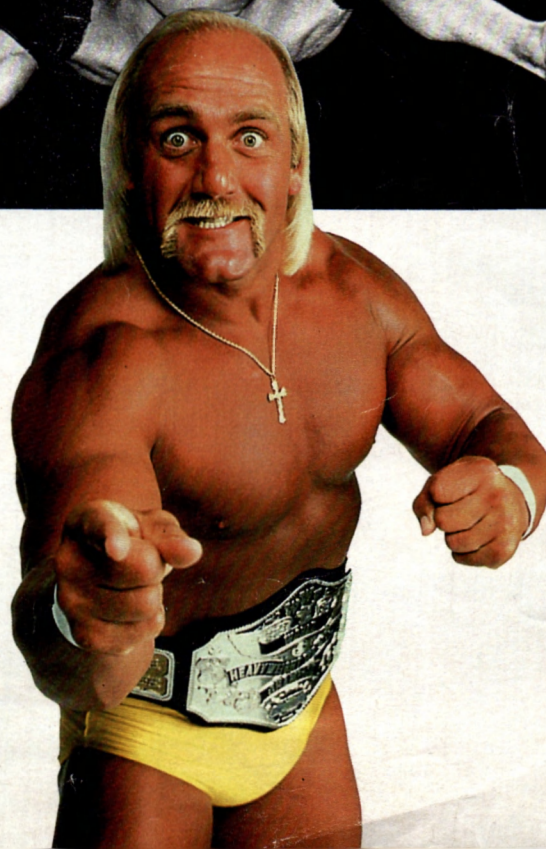
'Yeah, that's smart,' he says. 'Coke is a tough habit to break.' Then he proceeds to shove three lines up his nose."

"I'm driving from Albuquerque to Amarillo," says wrestler Barry Orton, "and the wrestling boss is in the passenger seat, and he keeps begging to suck me. I tell him that I'm not that way, that I'm not interested. But he won't let up. Every 20 minutes or so, he starts up again: 'Oh, let

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**"Superfly"
Jimmy
Snuka and
Hulk Hogan
are two
tarnished
kings of
a crumbling
empire.**



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me suck your cock, just once. Let me just see it. Let me just touch it."

Inside Titan Tower, Vince McMahon, owner and liege lord of the W.W.F., frantically responds to the attack by spinning off denials and threats from his fax machine like a catherine wheel of fireworks. But he can't keep up; there are just too many accusers.

"He's pretty slippery and so very powerful," says Jim Stuart, McMahon's former limo driver, who claims to have witnessed a rash of unconscionable acts, "but I don't think he's going to survive this."

Stuart was around on July 16, 1986, when W.W.F. referee Rita Marie (real name Rita Chatterton) says she was raped by McMahon. Chatterton had asked for more bookings, and McMahon directed her into his limo to discuss it. "The next thing I know," Chatterton said in a tearful interview on "Now It Can Be Told," "Vince unzipped his pants and took my hand, and he kept putting my hand on his penis. He started telling me that he could either make me or break me—the choice was mine. And he made me have oral sex with him. He started to get really excited and I pulled away and he got really angry. . . . And when I said no, he said that I had better satisfy him. He started pulling my pants off, and he pulled me on top of him and satisfied himself through intercourse."

Chatterton says she didn't come forward sooner both because she feared for her safety and her parents were ill (her mother died last year, her father in March). "Now that so many people are speaking up," she tells *Penthouse*, "I feel safer. And I also think people will believe me now." Chatterton says she was warned by McMahon upon being hired in 1985 not to engage in sexual activity with company employees. "After he finished raping me," Chatterton says, "he looks at me and I'm crying and he says, 'Remember I told you never to have sex with someone from the company? Well, you just did.' And then he starts laughing hysterically. What a sick man he is."

McMahon refused to talk to *Penthouse* for this story. Except for appearing on two TV programs—CNN's "Larry King Live" and "Donahue"—his only response to media probes has been to make blanket denials and raise the possibility of future legal action. Such posturing has been mere bluster: The W.W.F. has never brought suit on any of these charges because it knows that a procession of subpoenaed employees testifying would be a death march; its legal maneuverings have been limited to character assassinations, countersuits, and settlements.

McMahon's pockets are deep. In 1982 he took over his father's company, which was then confined to the Northeast. When Vince Sr. died two years later, Junior swiftly bought up territorial rights across the country with daddy's money, leaving a trail of slaughtered small-time promoters in his wake. The W.W.F. now has the largest syndicated television network in the world, with more than 300 TV affiliates across North America. The major draw, of course, is demigod Hulk Hogan, the blond-maned, Fu-Manchued behemoth whose likeness adorns scores of children's products, from vitamins to lunch boxes. In 1988, with Hulkamania going great guns, *Forbes* magazine estimated McMahon to be "easily a centimillionaire."

McMahon may need the money now. Murray Hodgson was hired last July as the new TV voice of both the W.W.F. and McMahon's upstart sister compa-

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he says. . . . Then he pro-
ceeds to shove
three lines up his nose."

ny—the World Bodybuilding Federation. But Hodgson was fired two months later, after refusing a sexual advance from one of McMahon's homosexual lieutenants. "Vice-president Pat Patterson approached me in the sound room during a taping and said, 'So, you're the new guy. What do you taste like?'" Hodgson says. "I told him, 'You've got the wrong guy,' and he said, 'Not if you want to keep your job with us I don't. Think about it.'" Hodgson did not submit, and was fired two weeks later. He says that when he left McMahon's office in a huff, Patterson was waiting outside the door, and he said, "So, you wouldn't listen to me, would you?" W.W.F. officials have, at various times, called Hodgson a "certifiable lunatic," a "horrible announcer," a "homophobe," and a "gay." Hodgson has filed a lawsuit against Titan Sports, the W.W.F.'s umbrella company, but he doesn't believe McMahon will meet him in court, and a settlement is imminent. Hodgson's asking price for silent justice? "Millions," he says.

The remuneration to Tom Cole was far less. Cole began working for the

W.W.F. in 1985, at the age of 13, as a ring boy. He would help set up and take down rings and was handed \$100 bills too many times to count. He once misplaced his windbreaker and was given \$500 to buy a new one. "Best of all," he says, "I got to hang out with the wrestlers."

Tom says he had worked for only a few weeks before ring announcer Mel Phillips began sexually molesting him in motel rooms. "He would play with my feet or suck on my toes, and he would masturbate while he was doing it," Cole says. "He played with my feet sometimes for hours at a time. He had a foot fetish, and he played with all the young boys' feet all the time. Sometimes he would film it on a camcorder." Cole says Phillips wasn't the lone perpetrator. "Pat Patterson would walk by while I was setting up the ring, and he'd grab my balls. I'd hate it, but there was nothing I could do. He's the boss."

The abuse peaked in February 1990, at the Sheraton in Stamford, when Terry Garvin, another McMahon assistant, entered Tom's hotel room unannounced. "He was drinking vodka and trying to get me to drink some. He said he could take me to a strip joint or get me a prostitute, anything I wanted," says Cole. "I told him I wasn't interested. Then he said, 'You could go a long way in the company if you sleep with me.' Then he turned off the lights. I got scared and said, 'You're making me nervous. Please leave the room.'"

Garvin tried again a few days later, this time with more intensity. He and Tom were on their way to the W.W.F. warehouse in the company van when Garvin announced that he had to stop at his house along the way. He told Tom that his wife would love to meet him. When they arrived, Garvin said he had forgotten that his wife was in Florida. Cole says Garvin fixed himself a drink and put on a pornographic movie. He begged Tom for sex, but the ring boy refused, pleading with Garvin to take him back to W.W.F. headquarters. Garvin continued to drink, smoke, and beg.

Eventually, Garvin was too intoxicated to move, and he told Tom they would have to spend the night at the house. "I was scared shitless," Cole says. "There was no way I was going to sleep in his house. So I slept in the van outside in the driveway." Cole was fired the next day. "They said I was no longer needed. I know if I would've slept with him and the rest of those guys, I'd probably be rich right now. They were like drug dealers with all the money they threw around."

Cole's accounts were confirmed by another ring boy, Chris Loss, who says the harassment began during his first day on the job, in 1989, when Mel Phillips purposely stomped on his foot. Then Phillips removed the boy's shoe and began massaging his foot and apol-

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ogizing. "He kept rubbing my toes and I thought, 'Man, that's messed-up behavior,'" Loss says. "It was really weird, but I didn't say anything. I found out it happens all the time to guys."

Tom Cole's chronicles had a four-pronged effect. First, Patterson, Garvin, and Phillips resigned from the W.W.F. after being repeatedly called at their homes for comment (none would talk). The W.W.F. issued a press release, citing "various unsubstantiated allegations, as well as unfair media pressure," as the basis for the resignations.

Second, the accounts he spoke of cleared ground for more victims to come forward. Until then, the unspoken wrestling code was silence. "Kay Fabe" is the wrestlers' locker-room signal meaning "Clam up—intruder nearby." But with so many witnesses now willing to expose the secret society, the power-in-numbers theory had taken hold.

Third, the electronic media swooped down. Airing related scandals were, in order, "Entertainment Tonight," "Larry King Live," "Donahue," "CBS Evening News," "Now It Can Be Told," "20/20," and "A Current Affair."

And fourth, Vince McMahon began a search—it didn't take him long to find Tom Cole.

By this time, big brother Lee had secured an attorney for Tom through the Yellow Pages. "This isn't about money," Lee said at the start. "If they offer us \$2 million right now, it wouldn't be enough. Tom's been mentally damaged by this. He's not thinking straight." A week later, the Coles were replacing their telephone-book lawyer with a barrister of the highest order. "This guy is fuckin' huge," Lee said. "His name is Ficksberg, Fooksberg, Fyoksberger, something like that. He picked us up in his limo and took us to his mansion. You should see it. When McMahon hears this guy is our lawyer, he's going to shake in his fuckin' boots."

At some point in the Coles' great trail-breaking trip through judiciary hinterlands, they changed their tune. At the conclusion of an episode of "Donahue" where McMahon had foolishly faced a panel of accusers, the Coles came down from the audience and introduced themselves to Ed Glavin, the show's producer. "This show was bullshit," Lee said to Glavin. "There's only one guy here who cares and it's that guy right there." Lee pointed squarely at McMahon. A day earlier, it turned out, McMahon had reached a settlement with Tom. The deal: \$70,000 and a two-year contract to be a ring boy again.

"Tom got a good feeling that Mr. McMahon really cared," attorney Alan

Fuchsberg said. "Mr. McMahon explained to Tom that he had a difficult childhood himself. He shook hands with Tom and offered him his job back. Tom is ecstatic. His prospect of doing anything one-tenth as exciting was nil."

Pro wrestling, of course, is based on illusion. Matches are choreographed with the fixed outcomes known in the business as a "work." Vince McMahon had worked Tom Cole into rejoining the company. McMahon's misfortune is that he embraces his role as a "work" artist with a classic case of hubris. And sometimes it backfires.

Most of the players in this developing drama by now had forgotten what started all the fuss—the June 1991 steroid trial of Dr. George Zahorian III. A federal jury in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, convicted Zahorian on 12 felony counts of distributing the muscle-enhancing drug to wrestling's biggest names while posing as a "ringside doctor."

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The wrestling boss is in the passenger seat, and he keeps begging to suck me. . . . "Oh, let me suck your cock, just once. Let me just see it. Let me just touch it."

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Zahorian, now serving a three-year prison term, testified that he sold steroids to Hogan and McMahon, among others, and court evidence in the form of Federal Express receipts (Zahorian's means of delivery) indeed showed that McMahon received 34 shipments and Hogan eight. Four days before the trial began, U.S. District Judge William Caldwell quashed the subpoena compelling Hogan to testify, citing "private and personal matters that should be protected." It remains a mystery why Hogan's privacy was protected while several other wrestlers had to testify.

Hogan stayed at McMahon's house during the trial. Afterward, Hogan requested an appearance on "The Arsenio Hall Show," where he announced, "I've trained for 20 years, two hours a day, to look like I do. But the thing I am not is, I am not a steroid abuser. And I do not take steroids."

This was the spark, the "work" that didn't work. Infuriated wrestlers Superstar Billy Graham—his own body ravaged by two decades of steroid abuse—and David (Dr. D.) Shults—who lived with Hogan for a time in

Pensacola, Florida—came forward to reveal a reckless, drug-crazed Hulkster. Graham described a night in 1987 when he injected Hogan with a steroid in the locker room at the Pontiac Silverdome outside of Detroit. "We went off to a shower stall and he pulled down his wrestling tights, and I injected him with 600 milligrams of testosterone in the right buttock," Graham said. "He had scar tissue on his butt from so many injections over the years, and it was hard to shove the needle in." Graham said that the Hulk often snorted cocaine in the dressing room before matches and then would crash recklessly into his opponents in the ring.

Shults said Hogan sold a potpourri of drugs throughout the eighties and was known in wrestling circles as "the Tampa Pipeline." Hogan's bedroom in the Shults house was so littered with bottles of drugs that Shults's seven-year-old daughter, peeking in the room one day, cried out that poor Hulk must have taken seriously ill. Shults said he injected steroids into Hogan's body "hundreds of times," and he said that when he once complained to Hogan that the syringe was filled with a dangerous level, the Hulk raised his massive arms and screamed, "Just shoot it in there. When I die, they're gonna have these guns hanging out of the casket!"

Other wrestlers have since said that Hogan's drug abuse is rampant. "Hogan was driving me and two other guys to his house in Connecticut one night in a snowstorm," wrestler Billy Jack Haynes says, "and Hulk was popping pills and smoking pot and drinking alcohol and driving 80 miles an hour. I told him to slow down and he said, 'Fuck you, man. You only live once.' He threatened to kick my ass. But he did apologize later."

Longtime wrestler Bruno Sammartino says Hogan has been doing hard drugs since he joined the wrestling business in 1978. "He's a walking pharmacy," says Sammartino, "but it's not just confined to him. Wrestling is filthy now, just utter garbage. Drugs are everywhere."

No need to tell McMahon this. At a TV taping in Amarillo in late January, McMahon ordered his wrestlers into a private room and closed the door. "You motherfuckers all tested black again," McMahon started in. "That's it, goddamn it. I've had enough. I'm not covering for you anymore."

Hogan knew the warning did not include him. At least one jobber has allegedly been peeing in test cups for the Hulk since the W.W.F. began cocaine testing in 1987. The results—clean and dirty—are sent directly to McMahon, and he maintains their confidentiality in a locked desk drawer. A suspension is handed out every so often, with Hawk, of the Legion of Doom tag team, and Warlord being the most recent casual-

ties. One top draw who has wrestled Hogan was spotted a week before a recent show squeezing urine from a Vaseline bottle into his testing cup. W.W.F. execs frowned but looked away. Another popular wrestler is said to have tested positive for coke numerous times without repercussions.

McMahon, of course, does not administer the tests to himself. That's good, according to Jim Stuart, who chauffeured the boss through the northeastern states for six years, until he was fired in 1990 for becoming a threat to McMahon. "He would be doing drugs in the back of the limo, and I began to complain about it," Stuart says. "I'd say, 'Vince, I don't think that's a good idea while we're driving,' and he'd say, 'That's not your affair, that's mine.'"

Stuart says McMahon was apathetic regarding the law, and he recalls an instance of particular recklessness when McMahon ordered him to drive 100 miles per hour from New York City to Hershey, Pennsylvania. "It was wintertime and cold outside and we're late for a show and the speedometer needle is bent all the way, and he's yelling at me to go faster," Stuart says. "He's back there with a couple of friends, and they're drinking and doing coke and laughing."

Finally, I say, "Vince, do you really think this is smart? What if we get pulled over?" and he says, "I'll handle that when it comes. I'll get out of it." And that's how he is. He doesn't stop at stop signs or red lights. He says, "Drive through that light." He doesn't think those lights are for him. They're for somebody else."

McMahon, 47, is a tall and muscular narcissist with a husky voice, slicked-back hair, and Norman Bates eyes who swaggers through head winds (the wrestlers call him Caesar behind his back) and charms the most unsuspecting dupes. McMahon renders an account of what drives him in a song he sings on *Piledriver*, an album the W.W.F. has released:

*They never understood the kind of man I am.
I do my own thinking, got a lot of big plans.
I'm a man running wild, heading for the top,
Never slowing down, never going to stop.
Along the way you're going to see a lot of men drop.*

© Stephanie Music

But for all his successes with brinkmanship, McMahon is failing miserably with the media.

Author Gay Talese wrote in *The Kingdom and the Power*, "News, if unreported, has no impact. It might as well have not happened at all." This is the notion upon which McMahon has bank-

rolled his string of mischief. He wooed the press when he got the W.W.F. revving in 1984, but nobody came, save a few tabloid and newsletter writers who he calls "dirt bags." Fuck the press, McMahon said then. He has since dodged the media, prohibiting reporters from ringsides and locker rooms, consenting only to an interview if he and his staff can be convinced the piece will be favorable. *Sports Illustrated* assured McMahon of good intentions last March and delivered with a breezy article entitled "Wrestling With Success." It went on, "Vince McMahon has transformed a sleazy pseudosport to booming family fun." (Peddling the carnival act as wholesome family entertainment is, precisely...what McMahon thrives on.) But for the most part, the press hadn't truly explored McMahon's world, and that was just as he liked it. Investigators are unwilling to reveal any ongoing probe, but several sources ad-

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mit to being contacted and interviewed.

McMahon appeared on "Larry King Live" in mid-March to diffuse an initial wave of allegations, claiming he had no knowledge of sexual extortion within his company. "None whatsoever," he told King.

Wrestler Tom Hankins says otherwise. "I told the W.W.F. what happened to me, and Vince McMahon refused to discuss it," says Hankins, who claims he was propositioned by Patterson at the University Hilton bar in Los Angeles in 1985 following a show at the L.A. Sports Arena. "I was wrestling for other outfits but I wanted to join the W.W.F., so I asked Patterson what my chances were for a shot. He said, 'Slim and none.' Then he said, 'Oh, there is one way. You see, I like to suck dick. And I want to suck your dick.' He was talking so loud everyone in the bar could hear. I told him I wasn't interested, and he said, 'Well, you're not going to work for us then.'"

The following night Hankins showed up, as he often did, at the wrestlers' dressing room, and Patterson ordered him physically removed from the area.

"All of a sudden, he didn't know me anymore," Hankins says.

Eric Tovey, a 63-year-old midget who served as the agent for midget wrestlers under the stage name Lord Littlebrook, says he complained to McMahon four years ago in a letter about sexual harassment by W.W.F. executives against midgets. Tovey's wrestlers were promptly dropped from future wrestling cards. "I've been in this business 40 years, and if I have to stoop so low as to have my boys homosexuated, well, goddamn it, I'll wash dishes in a goddamn restaurant first," says Tovey. The Karate Kid, one of Tovey's midget wrestlers, says he was sexually molested by a W.W.F. executive in the dressing room of an arena in New Jersey. "He was screaming that he wasn't that way," says Tovey, "and the boss just kept playing with him anyway."

Sammartino, who wrestled throughout the sixties and seventies and returned to the W.W.F. as a television announcer in 1984, says ring announcer Phillips had a penchant for young boys. He was once spotted in the backseat of a car in Pennsylvania performing a sexual act on an 11-year-old boy. "Vince McMahon was told about the incident, and he elected not to do anything," says Sammartino. Phillips was briefly suspended by the W.W.F. several years later for a similar act but returned as the tour's primary announcer, staying until his resignation in March.

Murray Hodgson retained counsel after his August 21, 1991, dismissal, and his attorney, Edward Nusbaum, sent a letter to McMahon on September 16 attributing Hodgson's alleged wrongful discharge to "a direct consequence of his rejection of a homosexual advance made by a key employee of the company." The W.W.F. took offense to Hodgson's action, with V.P. Patterson allegedly accusing him three months later at a local mall. "He comes out of nowhere," Hodgson says, "and he grabs me by the arm and says, 'You're an asshole, Hodgson. Vince isn't going to stand for this. You've got trouble. We're going to get you for this.' He scared the living hell out of me." Hodgson notified McMahon of the incident via fax eight days later.

The morning Hodgson was to appear with a panel of accusers to face McMahon on "Donahue," he says he received a call from a W.W.F. administrator asking him to fax to Titan Tower a settlement figure that he thought would be fair. "They were trying to trick me," Hodgson says. "McMahon would've pulled out that piece of paper and said I was trying to buy him off." McMahon did indicate on the show, in the face of direct charges, a newly wrought vigilance for corruption: "We have started an independent investigation to get to the bottom of this."

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"Funny," Hodgson says, "but no one from the W.W.F. has contacted me to find out my story. They just want to shut everyone up. I've had the same car following me everywhere I've gone for the last three weeks."

John Arezzi, a New York radio announcer who also appeared on the show, says two thugs showed up at his house the following day and told his mother, "Your son lives in a very dangerous neighborhood."

A day after wrestler Billy Jack Haynes appeared on "Entertainment Tonight," his father received two disturbing phone calls. "Back off or jack off," the first caller said. "You tell your son if he says another word he'll be six feet under," the second one said. "I'm mad as hell," says Haynes. "My father has diabetes and is blind. They're scaring the hell out of him."

Mike Clark wonders if he's next. Clark was a W.W.F. referee in Canada who confirmed on "Now It Can Be Told" a sordid practice of company officials extorting sex from ring boys and other laborers. Clark said that W.W.F. execs refer to the young ring crew as "the Cream Team."

"I didn't get into personal stuff on the show, but I have a story of my own," says Clark, who is 21. "I was sitting in

the Howard Johnson airport-hotel restaurant in Ontario after refereeing a show, and Terry Garvin sat down next to me. He said, 'What are you doing for full-time work?' and I told him I had applied to be a car salesman. He said, 'I want you to come to my room. I want to talk to you.' Then he got up and left. I thought, 'Damn, I've always heard about this stuff. Now it's going to happen to me.' He was the boss, and I knew if I didn't go, I'd never work as a referee again. But there was no way I was gonna have sex with this guy, so I got up to leave the hotel. But he was waiting for me in the lobby."

Clark says Garvin escorted him to a room, whereupon Garvin offered him beer and pot and turned on a pornographic movie. "He looked at the movie, started rubbing himself with his hand, and said, 'Does that turn you on?' I said, 'No, it doesn't do much for me.' He rubbed himself through his jeans and said, 'It's not what you know—it's who you know.' And he looked back at the porno movie and started saying, 'Oooh, that turns me on.' I was in that room for what seemed like forever. Finally, he said, 'I can set you up to work every event in Canada. I can bring you to TV tapings. I'll book you across Canada. How would you like to leave the room with \$500?' I said, 'Yeah, that'd be great.' And he said, 'How would you like to lie on the bed and have me give you a blowjob?' I told him I wasn't in-

terested, and he got mad and kicked me out of the room. I worked about five more events and then I was fired."

McMahon tried to reverse the field of sentiment on "Larry King Live" by saying, "Harassment of individuals who happen to have a different sexual persuasion is also very, very alive. Homophobia is a big deal today." This was a curious tact, considering the W.W.F.'s penchant for gay-bashing. Adrian Adonis and the Beverly Brothers are two bad-guy wrestling acts that play homosexual roles and whose opponents incite crowds of kids into a chant of "Faggot. Faggot." No matter how McMahon tries to airbrush this scandal, it stares back like a grotesque work of art.

"With all he's done," limo driver Stuart says, "it's amazing more people weren't killed. These people are like bandits. They take over hotels like they own them. But no matter what he does, and he's done some things you wouldn't believe, he always gets out of it. He'll stop at nothing."

Lehigh County forensic pathologist Isidore Mihalakis performed the autopsy on Nancy Argentino and something didn't add up. So Jimmy Snuka—the W.W.F.'s most popular wrestler at the time, who is known for his "Superfly squat" in which he jumps from the top rope onto his victims—was questioned again. Snuka stood by his story that the woman had slipped and hit her head on a roadside guardrail. "After that interview with Snuka, I still felt unhappy about it," Mihalakis says, "but it wasn't enough for the D.A. to pursue the case."

Whitehall Township detective Gerry Procanyn, the prime investigator, says he finds it puzzling that Argentino could have functioned normally throughout the day until her death. "Okay, she supposedly conks herself on the head," Procanyn says. "But then she's able to drive the rest of the way here. She's able to register them at the motel. She's able to walk to a diner and order food and bring it back to the room. Then, all of a sudden, she dies."

Wayne Snyder, then the Lehigh County deputy coroner, says there's one final point of significance concerning the autopsy. "The fracture is on the back of her head. Okay, fine," he says. "But what about the marks on her face? What about the multiple bruises on various parts of her body? We have a highly suspicious death, and I don't believe it to be accidental. This case has to be investigated as a homicide."

Why wasn't it? Whispers abound.

"Vince McMahon sat with Snuka through the interviews, yes," detective Procanyn says. "But a cover-up? That's pure unadulterated bullshit. There was a full and complete report. C'mon, how would you cover up something like that?" O—

